A U M

May my thoughts, now small and narrow, expand in the next existence, that I may understand the precepts thoroughly and never break them or be guilty of trespass.
—*Inscription in Temple of Nakhon Wat*

THEOSOPHY

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THE GREATEST MYSTERY

THE vastness of the theosophical purview imparts a feeling of expansion to the student, a consciousness of larger realities and broader considerations, perhaps, than he has ever known. Theosophy extends the vision of the mind inward to finer states of matter whose atoms are moved, assembled and dispersed by the subtler activities of his own consciousness; outward to reaches of the universe incalculably distant, yet linked to his being, and conditioned by his influence—in degree; upward to the contemplation of verities so sublime as to lend beneficence to one engaged in the realization of them.

But this comprehensiveness has a natural and necessary complement in the particularity of the philosophy, the centripetal force of its doctrines. If there is no atom outside of life, law and evolution, neither can man's smallest thought or act be left without philosophical attention and ethical analysis. No moral codes that man can conform to, or possibly attain, are strict enough to serve forever in human evolution. Ethics represent the extent of an individual's responsibility, and responsibilities increase with every accretion of knowledge and power. No deed but can be performed with a yet deeper purpose than we have conceived. No thought but can fathom a greater profundity than our mind can presently encompass.

The boundless field of knowledge, and the precision of its application are welded by the Knower into a perfect synthesis of the universal and the particular, the abstract and the concrete. The paradox of action in inaction and inaction in action is resolved. The apprenticeship to virtue is over. Neither codes nor commandments are longer necessary for the man who is never forgetful of his spiritual heritage. And this because the new horizon is so immeasurably wide that objects of desire are seen in their proper insignificance. Desire remains in this wider world, while desires vanish.

Perhaps this describes the only path that leads to wisdom. The greatest wisdom is simply that which solves the greatest mystery, and the greatest mystery is that of the contemporaneous real existence of both unity and multiplicity. Dominated by the centrism of ego, the man of kama-manas sees no multiplicity—his concentration and his energy are focussed on one *thing* alone at any given time. He is the man who sees other beings merely as means to his own ends. He begins to perceive the nature of multiplicity only when other beings become as real to him as himself. Finally, seeing with eyes become sufficiently far-reaching, he again sees *one,* but a oneness of spirit and not a single object of personal desire.

The release from the bondage of matter is not separation from matter, for through matter all work is done, by even the highest Chohan conceivable. The glorified states of inner freedom, striven for so diligently by mystics of both East and West, are but tools, new eyes through which to see the real in the world of struggle and action. The final endowment of spiritual wisdom comes from the realization that struggle *understood* is no longer warfare, but simply progress.

POWER OF RESOLUTION

Meditation is silent and *unuttered* prayer, or, as Plato expressed it, "the ardent turning of the soul toward the divine; not to ask any particular good (as in the common meaning of prayer), but for good itself—for the universal Supreme Good" of which we are a part on earth, and out of the essence of which we have all emerged. Therefore, adds Plato, "remain silent in the presence of the *divine ones,* till they remove the clouds from thy eyes and enable thee to see by the light which issues from themselves, not what appears as good to thee, but what is intrinsically good."

Prayer is a mystery; an occult process by which finite and conditioned thoughts and desires, unable to be assimilated by the absolute spirit which is unconditioned, are translated into spiritual wills and the will; such process being called "spiritual transmutation." The intensity of our ardent aspirations changes prayer into the "philosopher's stone," or that which transmutes lead into pure gold. The only homogeneous essence, our "will-prayer" becomes the active or creative force, producing effects according to our desire. *Will-Power* becomes a living power. —H.P.B.

THE ESOTERIC SHE

The Late Mme. Blavatsky—A Sketch of Her Career

By William Quan Judge

[The following article was first printed in the New York *Sun,* September 26, 1892, together with the famous "*Sun* retraction." That newspaper, in 1890, ran an article by Dr. Coues in which H. P. Blavatsky, the Theosophical Society, and various of its members were grossly misrepresented. Dr. Coues was an F.T.S. who professed respect for Theosophy and loyalty to H.P.B. until it became obvious to him that work for Theosophy was the only mark of distinction recognized by the Founders of the Society, and that Madame Blavatsky could neither be cajoled nor threatened into furthering his plans for personal power. The bitterness of his attack measures the hold of ambition upon his nature, and his article (which covers a whole newspaper page in small type), by reason of its vicious falsehoods and defamation of character, has been a fertile source for slanders against H.P.B. from that day to this.

An account of the libel suit instituted by Mr. Judge on H.P.B.'s behalf is given in *The Theosophical Movement* (Dutton, 1925), and the text of the *Sun's* editorial retraction appears there in full.

Today, when another rehash of stale untruths is testing the balance-principle of *impersonal* defense of the Teacher, Mr. Judge's calm and yet forceful statement on "The Esoteric She" is an object lesson in constructive propaganda. His title sets the keynote of his discussion, for it calls attention immediately to the inviolability of H.P.B.'s *real* life.—Eds. Theosophy]

A WOMAN who, for one reason or another, has kept the world —first her little child world and afterward two hemispheres—talking of her, disputing about her, defending or assailing her character and motives, joining her enterprise or opposing it might and main, and in her death being as much telegraphed about between two continents as an emperor, must have been a remarkable person. Such was Mme. Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, born under the power of the holy Tzar, in the family of the Hahns, descended on one side from the famous crusader, Count Rottenstern, who added Hahn, a cock, to his name because that bird saved his life from a wily Saracen who had come into his tent to murder him.

Hardly any circumstance or epoch in Mme. Blavatsky's career was prosaic. She chose to be born into this life at Ekaterinoslaw, Russia, in the year 1831, when coffins and desolation were everywhere from the plague of cholera. The child was so delicate that the family decided upon immediate baptism under the rites of the

Greek Catholic Church. This was in itself not common, but the ceremony was—under the luck that ever was with Helena—more remarkable and startling still. At this ceremony all the relatives are present and stand holding lighted candles. As one was absent, a young child, aunt of the infant Helena, was made proxy for the absentee, and given a candle like the rest. Tired out by the effort, this young proxy sank down to the floor unnoticed by the others, and, just as the sponsors were renouncing the evil one on the babe's behalf, by three times spitting on the floor, the sitting witness with her candle accidentally set fire to the robes of the officiating priest, and instantly there was a small conflagration, in which many of those present were seriously burned. Thus amid the scourge of death in the land was Mme. Blavatsky ushered into our world, and in the flames baptized by the priests of a Church whose fallacious dogmas she did much in her life to expose.

She was connected with the rulers of Russia. Speaking in 1881, her uncle, Gen. Fadeef, joint Councillor of State of Russia, said that, as daughter of Col. Peter Hahn, she was grand-daughter of Gen. Alexis Hahn von Rottenstern Hahn of old Mecklenburg stock, settled in Russia, and on her mother's side daughter of Hèlene Fadeef and granddaughter of Princess Helena Dolgorouky. Her maternal ancestors were of the oldest families in Russia and direct descendants of the Prince or Grand Duke Rurik, the first ruler of Russia. Several ladies of the family belonged to the imperial house, becoming Czarinas by marriage. One of them, a Dolgorouky, married the grandfather of Peter the Great, and another was betrothed to Czar Peter II. Through these connections it naturally resulted that Mme. Blavatsky was acquainted personally with many noble Russians. In Paris I met three princes of Russia and one well-known General, who told of her youth and the wonderful things related about her then; and in Germany I met the Prince Emile de Wittgenstein of one of the many Russo-German families, and himself a cousin to the Empress of Russia and aide-de-camp to the Czar, who told me that he was an old family friend of hers, who heard much about her in early years, but, to his regret, had never had the fortune to see her again after a brief visit made with her father to his house. But he joined her famous Theosophical Society by correspondence, and wrote, after the war with Turkey, that he had been told in a letter from her that no hurt would come to him during the campaign, and such turned out to be the fact.

As a child she was the wonder of the neighborhood and the terror of the simpler serfs. Russia teems with superstitions and omens, and

as Helena was born on the seventh month and between the 30th and 31st day, she was supposed by the nurses and servants to have powers and virtues possessed by no one else. And these supposed powers made her the cynosure of all in her early youth. She was allowed liberties given none others, and as soon as she could understand she was given by her nurses the chief part in a mystic Russian ceremony performed about the house and grounds on the 30th of July with the object of propitiating the house demon. The education she got was fragmentary, and in itself so inadequate as to be one more cause among many for the belief of her friends in later life that she was endowed with abnormal psychic powers, or else in verity assisted by those unseen beings who she asserted were her helpers and who were men living on the earth, but possessed of developed senses that laughed at time and space. In girlhood she was bound by no restraint of conventionality, but rode any Cossack's horse in a man's saddle, and later on spent a long time with her father with his regiment in the field, where, with her sister, she became the pet of the soldiers. In 1844, when 14, her father took her to London and Paris, where some progress was made in music, and before 1848 she returned home.

Her marriage in 1848 to Gen. Nicephore Blavatsky, the Governor of Erivan in the Caucasus, gave her the name of Blavatsky, borne till her death. This marriage, like all other events in her life, was full of pyrotechnics. Her abrupt style had led her female friends to say that she could not make the old Blavatsky marry her, and out of sheer bravado she declared she could, and, sure enough he did propose and was accepted. Then the awful fact obtruded itself on Helena's mind that this could not—in Russia—be undone. They were married, but the affair was signalized by Mme. Blavatsky's breaking a candlestick over his head and precipitately leaving the house, never to see him again. After her determination was evident, her father assisted her in a life of travel which began from that date, and not until 1858 did she return to Russia. Meanwhile her steps led her to America in 1851, to Canada, to New Orleans, to Mexico, off to India, and back again in 1853 to the United States. Then her relatives lost sight of her once more until 1858, when her coming back was like other events in her history. It was a wintry night, and a wedding party was on at the home in Russia. Guests had arrived, and suddenly, interrupting the meal, the bell rang violently, and there, unannounced, was Mme. Blavatsky at the door.

From this point the family and many friends testify, both by letter and by articles in the *Rebus*, a well-known journal in Russia, and

in other papers, a constant series of marvels wholly unexplainable on the theory of jugglery was constantly occurring. They were of such a character that hundreds of friends from great distances were constantly visiting the house to see the wonderful Mme. Blavatsky. Many were incredulous, many believed it was magic, and others started charges of fraud. The superstitious Gooriel and Mingrelian nobility came in crowds and talked incessantly after, calling her a magician. They came to see the marvels others reported, to see her sitting quietly reading while tables and chairs moved of themselves and low raps in every direction seemed to reply to questions. Among many testified to was one done for her brother, who doubted her powers. A small chess table stood on the floor. Very light—a child could lift it and a man break it. One asked if Mme. Blavatsky could fasten it by will to the floor. She then said to examine it, and they found it loose. After that, and being some distance off, she said, "Try again." They then found that no power of theirs could stir it, and her brother, supposing from his great strength that this "trick" could easily be exposed, embraced the little table and shook and pulled it without effect, except to make it groan and creak. So with wall and furniture rapping, objects moving, messages about distant happenings arriving by aerial port, the whole family and neighborhood were in a constant state of excitement. Mme. Blavatsky said herself that this was a period when she was letting her psychic forces play, and learning fully to understand and control them.

But the spirit of unrest came freshly again, and she started out once more to find, as she wrote to me, "the men and women whom I want to prepare for the work of a great philosophical and ethical movement that I expect to start in a later time." Going to Spezzia in a Greek vessel, the usual display of natural circumstances took place, and the boat was blown up by an explosion of gunpowder in the cargo. Only a few of those on board were saved, she among them. This led her to Cairo, in Egypt, where, in 1871, she started a society with the object of investigating spiritualism so as to expose its fallacies, if any, and to put its facts on a firm, scientific, and reasonable basis, if possible. But it only lasted fourteen days, and she wrote about it then: "It is a heap of ruins—majestic, but as suggestive as those of the Pharaohs' tombs."

It was, however, in the United States that she really began the work that has made her name well known in Europe, Asia, and America; made her notorious in the eyes of those who dislike all reformers, but great and famous for those who say her works have

benefited them. Prior to 1875 she was again investigating the claims of spiritualism in this country, and wrote home then analyzing it, declaring false its assertion that the dead were heard from, and showing that, on the other hand, the phenomena exhibited a great psycho-physiological change going on here, which, if allowed to go on in our present merely material civilization, would bring about great disaster, morally and physically.

Then in 1875, in New York, she started the Theosophical Society, aided by Col. H. S. Olcott and others, declaring its objects to be the making of a nucleus for a universal brotherhood, the study of ancient and other religions and sciences, and the investigation of the psychical and recondite laws affecting man and nature. There certainly was no selfish object in this, nor any desire to raise money. She was in receipt of funds from sources in Russia and other places until they were cut off by reason of her becoming an American citizen, and also because her unremunerated labors for the society prevented her doing literary work on Russian magazines, where all her writings would be taken eagerly. As soon as the Theosophical Society was started she said to the writer that a book had to be written for its use. *Isis Unveiled* was then begun, and unremittingly she worked at it night and day until the moment when a publisher was secured for it.

Meanwhile crowds of visitors were constantly calling at her rooms in Irving place, later in Thirty-fourth street, and last in Forty-seventh street and Eighth avenue. The newspapers were full of her supposed powers or of laughter at the possibilities in man that she and her society asserted. A prominent New York daily wrote of her thus: "A woman of as remarkable characteristics as Cagliostro himself, and one who is every day as differently judged by different people as the renowned Count was in his day. By those who know her slightly she is called a charlatan; better acquaintance made you think she was learned; and those who were intimate with her were either carried away with belief in her power or completely puzzled." *Isis Unveiled* attracted wide attention, and all the New York papers reviewed it, each saying that it exhibited immense research. The strange part of this is, as I and many others can testify as eye-witnesses to the production of the book, that the writer had no library in which to make researches and possessed no notes of investigation or reading previously done. All was written straight out of hand. And yet it is full of references to books in the British Museum and other great libraries, and every reference is correct. Either, then, we have, as to that book, a woman who was capable of

storing in her memory a mass of facts, dates, numbers, titles, and subjects such as no other human being ever was capable of, or her claim to help from unseen beings is just.

In 1878, *Isis Unveiled* having been published, Mme. Blavatsky informed her friends that she must go to India and start there the same movement of the Theosophical Society. So in December of that year she and Col. Olcott and two more went out to India, stopping at London for a while. Arriving in Bombay, they found three or four Hindoos to meet them who had heard from afar of the matter. A place was hired in the native part of the town, and soon she and Col. Olcott started the *Theosophist,* a magazine that became at once well known there and was widely bought in the West.

There in Bombay and later in Adyar, Madras, Mme. Blavatsky worked day after day in all seasons, editing her magazine and carrying on an immense correspondence with people in every part of the world interested in theosophy, and also daily disputing and discussing with learned Hindoos who constantly called. Phenomena occurred there also very often, and later the society for discovering nothing about the psychic world investigated these, and came to the conclusion that this woman of no fortune, who was never before publicly heard of in India, had managed, in some way they could not explain, to get up a vast conspiracy that ramified all over India, including men of all ranks, by means of which she was enabled to produce pretended phenomena. I give this conclusion as one adopted by many. For any one who knew her and who knows India, with its hundreds of different languages, none of which she knew, the conclusion is absurd. The Hindoos believed in her; said always that she could explain to them their own scriptures and philosophies where the Brahmins had lost or concealed the key; and that by her efforts, and the work of the society founded through her, India's young men were being saved from the blank materialism which is the only religion the West can ever give a Hindoo.

In 1887, Mme. Blavatsky returned to England, and there started another theosophical magazine, called *Lucifer,* and immediately stirred up the movement in Europe. Day and night there, as in New York and India, she wrote and spoke, incessantly corresponding with people everywhere, editing *Lucifer,* and making more books for her beloved society, and never possessed of means, never getting from the world at large anything save abuse wholly undeserved. The *Key to Theosophy* was written in London, and also *The Secret Doctrine,* which is the great text book for Theosophists. *The Voice of the Silence* was written there, too, and is meant for devo-

tional Theosophists. Writing, writing, writing from morn till night was her fate here. Yet, although scandalized and abused here as elsewhere, she made many devoted friends, for there never was anything half way in her history. Those who met her or heard of her were always either staunch friends or bitter enemies.

The *Secret Doctrine* led to the coming into the society of Mrs. Annie Besant, and then Mme. Blavatsky began to say that her labors were coming to an end, for here was a woman who had the courage of the ancient reformers and who would help carry on the movement in England unflinchingly. The *Secret Doctrine* was sent to Mr. Stead of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to review, but none of his usual reviewers felt equal to it and he asked Mrs. Besant if she could review it. She accepted the task, reviewed, and then wanted an introduction to the writer. Soon after that she joined the society, first fully investigating Mme. Blavatsky's character, and threw in her entire forces with the Theosophists. Then a permanent London headquarters was started and still exists. And there Mme. Blavatsky passed away, with the knowledge that the society she had striven so hard for at any cost was at last an entity able to struggle for itself.

In her dying moments she showed that her life had been spent for an idea, with full consciousness that in the eyes of the world it was Utopian, but in her own necessary for the race. She implored her friends not to allow her then ending incarnation to become a failure by the failure of the movement started and carried on with so much of suffering. She never in all her life made money or asked for it. Venal writers and spiteful men and women have said she strove to get money from so-called dupes, but all her intimate friends know that over and over again she has refused money; that always she has had friends who would give her all they had if she would take it, but she never took any nor asked it. On the other hand, her philosophy and her high ideals have caused others to try to help all those in need. Impelled by such incentive, one rich Theosophist gave her $5,000 to found a working girls' club at Bow, in London, and one day, after Mrs. Besant had made the arrangements for the house and the rest, Mme. Blavatsky, although sick and old, went down there herself and opened the club in the name of the society.

The aim and object of her life were to strike off the shackles forged by priestcraft for the mind of man. She wished all men to know that they are God in fact, and that as men they must bear the burden of their own sins, for no one else can do it. Hence she brought forward to the West the old Eastern doctrines of karma

and reincarnation. Under the first, the law of justice, she said each must answer for himself, and under the second make answer on the earth where all his acts were done. She also desired that science should be brought back to the true ground where life and intelligence are admitted to be within and acting on and through every atom in the universe. Hence her object was to make religion scientific and science religious, so that the dogmatism of each might disappear.

Her life since 1875 was spent in the unremitting endeavor to draw within the Theosophical Society those who could work unselfishly to progagate an ethics and philosophy tending to realize the brotherhood of man by showing the real unity and essential non-separateness of every being. And her books were written with the declared object of furnishing the material for intellectual and scientific progress on those lines. The theory of man's origin, powers, and destiny brought forward by her, drawn from ancient Indian sources, places us upon a higher pedestal than that given by either religion or science, for it gives to each the possibility of developing the god-like powers within and of at last becoming a co-worker with nature.

As every one must die at last, we will not say that her demise was a loss; but if she had not lived and done what she did humanity would not have had the impulse and the ideas toward the good which it was her mission to give and to proclaim. And there are to-day scores, nay, hundreds of devout, earnest men and women intent on purifying their own lives and sweetening the lives of others, who trace their hopes and aspirations to the wisdom-religion revived in the West through her efforts, and who gratefully avow that their dearest possessions are the result of her toilsome and self-sacrificing life. If they, in turn, live aright and do good, they will be but illustrating the doctrine which she daily taught and hourly practised.

—WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

Motives are vapors, as attenuated as the atmospheric moisture; and, as the latter develops its dynamic energy for man's use only when concentrated and applied as steam or hydraulic power, so the practical value of good motives is best seen when they take the form of deeds.

—From a Master's letter

THE SO-CALLED EXPOSÉ OF MADAME BLAVATSKY

[The present article by Mr. Judge, here reprinted for the first time, originally appeared in the Boston *Index,* on March 11, 1886, and was copied by the *Banner of Light* in its issue of April 3. Writing H. P. Blavatsky (then in Europe) on February 5, W.Q.J. says, "I shall have written before you get this a letter to the *Boston Index* which reprinted the report. You must have observed that Hodgson has left me out. And yet I am an important factor. I was there. I examined all, I had all in charge, and *I say there was no aperture* behind the shrine. Then as to letters from [the Masters] you know I have many that came to me which *resemble my writing.* How will they explain that? Did I delude myself? And so on. *You can rely on me at this point for all the help that may be thought necessary.*"

The story of Mr. Judge's connection with the shrine is told in more detail in "Madame Blavatsky in India" (THEOSOPHY, May, 1946). The remark on Hartmann (below) is an interesting clue, in view of the fact that Hartmann had changed his testimony about the shrine, thus eliminating, so far as Hodgson was concerned, his (Hartmann's) reliability as a witness.

Mr. Judge's real "reply" to the Psychical Research Society's Report, however, may be taken from a news note in the *Path* Magazine, May, 1886: "Interest in Boston continues unabated. A member of the Aryan Branch of New York has been spending a month in Boston, discussing the philosophy and ethics to be found in theosophical literature, and it is to be hoped that the work done will be permanent, founded as it is in ethics and not upon phenomena." This was always W.Q.J.'s principle of work, and perhaps explains the fact that he—alone of all H.P.B.'s associates—left testimony which can not be construed to her discredit, not even by the most vindictive calumniator.—Eds. THEOSOPHY.]

EDITORS of the *Index*:

Will you give me a little space in your valuable paper for a few words regarding the so-called *exposé* of Madame H. P. Blavatsky, and the report of the Society for Psychical Research of London upon theosophic phenomena?

This report extends over several hundred pages, and is called scientific.

It must not be forgotten that, first, the investigation was self-constituted, and not requested by the Theosophical Society; and, secondly, that it related to a part of the history of theosophy which

is not of great importance, nor dwelt on much by its members. We are a society devoted to Universal Brotherhood and Philosophy. It was true that Col. Olcott, the President, related to Mr. Hodgson nearly all the phenomena he had ever seen; but that was only injudicious, for they were not performed publicly nor for the public.

Now, I was the third person engaged in founding the society here, in 1875. Have been very active in it ever since. Went to India, *via* London, in 1884. And yet Mr. Hodgson did not interrogate me, nor did he get the facts he relates in his report at first hands.

He says, among other things, that "Mr. Judge, an American, was at Adyar, and was not allowed to see the shrine or its room." This is false. I went to India expressly to be concerned in the coming *exposure* by the Coulombs, and I took charge of everything the moment I arrived there. I had the final and exhaustive examination made. I myself removed the shrine to an adjoining room, from which that night it disappeared. This was months before Hodgson arrived in India. If he saw what he thought was a part of the shrine, it was a joke put on him by Dr. Hartmann, who would be pleased to lead such a wild investigator into a trap. No part of it was retained by Hartmann.

Again, he describes a hole in the wall behind the shrine. There was none, and he gets it all at second hand. There was an unfinished opening in the second wall, behind the shrine, having jagged projections of lath ends all around it,—just as Coulomb had to leave it, when we stopped him. The cupboard put up against it was unfinished, and the false door thereof could only be opened with mallet and pryer. All this was Coulomb's concoction, ready to be opened to Missionary Patterson at the proper time. But the proper time never arrived, and I will tell you why. I was in Paris in April, 1884; and, while there, a message was received—in the very way which Hodgson thinks he has exploded,—informing us that the Coulombs had begun operations, and that, unless someone went and stopped them, they would get their traps finely finished, with a due appearance of age and use to carry out the conspiracy. So I started for Adyar, with full authority. But, while on the way, the people had received there a similar intimation, so that I found the Coulombs just out of the place when I arrived. At once a register was opened there. Over three hundred people examined the place, who signed their names to a declaration of the condition and appearance of things; and then a resolution prohibiting further prying by the curious was passed. The very next day Missionary Patterson, expert Gribble & Co., came to examine. It was too late. The law

was already in existence; and Mr. Gribble, who had come as an "impartial expert," with, however, a report in full in his pocket against us, had to go away depending on his imagination for damaging facts. He then drew upon that fountain.

I tell you, Mr. Editor, the report of Hodgson is only half-done work. No account has been taken of the numerous letters received by me and others, during these years between 1874 and 1884, from various adepts, under circumstances entirely free from Blavatskyism. And he has failed to get the evidence regarding things at Adyar, of the only person who went there free from excitement, and who remained cool while the rest were wild. An experience of ten years had placed my mind where the puerile traps of missionaries, or resemblances of letters from adepts to Blavatsky's writing, could not affect. For I will divulge to you this, sir, that, if an adept wanted to write to you, the curious circumstance might be found that the writing would resemble your own. I once saw a message thrown upon the leaf of a book; and it was in the handwriting of him holding it, who was as much amazed as any one else.

One word more. Mr. Hodgson's argument on the evidence proceeds thus: Damodar says, in a separate examination, that the figure of the adept "went over a tree and disappeared," while Mohini says, "The figure seemed to melt away." Ergo, they lie, because they disagree as to the disappearance. This is sheer folly. Then he goes through what happened in Paris when I was present, asking Mohini and Keightley if a man might not have entered the window. They had forgotten the window. I say the window was in my room; and its height from the stone courtyard was over twenty feet, with no means of reaching by climbing.

Finally, I received in Paris several letters from American friends, ignorant of adepts; and inside were pencilled notes in the familiar handwriting which Hodgson has exploded and proved "fraudulent."

The report is valuable as a contribution to history; and when Mr. Hodgson has gained some acquaintance with the several adepts, of whom he does not dream, who are engaged with the society, he and your readers may be pleased to revise conclusions, as science has so often been compelled to do.

Yours,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

New York, February, 1886

PRACTICAL METAPHYSICS

I: Philosophy and Life

EVERY human being expresses a philosophical evaluation of himself and his relation to the world. He may or may not be aware that he is so doing, but his habits, his ideals, tell us something of what he thinks he is. And what he thinks he is is important. Behind his various social and political attitudes can be discerned a desire to be consistent with some basic view of the scheme of things into which he is trying to fit himself and by which he is trying to define himself. Therefore, he has a concept of Self which is an important determinant of his action, even though his attempts to become consistent with this same concept of Self may not be consciously undertaken. But since he cannot act without motivation, he has a scale of values, and all the values that men choose are definitions of Self. Conversely, any fundamental belief in the nature of Self as primarily a center of sensory stimulation will place a premium upon sensuous values.

It is apparent that few men are articulate concerning their concept of Self, partly because they have not made an effort to reconcile the usual discrepancies between their religious or scientific heritage and the values they personally desire to concentrate upon. The majority tend to accept certain values without giving any thought to their philosophical implications, and may at the same time accede to a basic view of human nature, through either religion or science, which is inconsistent with the values chosen. Take, for instance, the extreme fundamentalist believer in man as a degraded sinner, who, strange to say, does not feel degraded, even when he sins outrageously. Or take the psychologist who has a passion for justice, honor and the qualities of self-sacrifice, while professedly believing man to be nothing more than a cunningly selfish animal. Now, these discrepancies leave man's concept of Self dangling somewhere between expressed beliefs and preferred values. For this reason, he is never very sure of the values he is trying to serve, for the struggle to reach consistency when following antithetical counsels results in confusion.

If a scale of values and a code of conduct is to be fully lived, the individual must have considerable reasonable faith in a philosophy of human nature which supports that way of life. If he is led to believe in democracy, freedom, and the final attainment of a brotherhood of man, for instance, he should have faith in man as a being who can achieve all these things. But man, it must be inferred from what we are most commonly told by both theologians and the

materialists, is fundamentally irresponsible. He is the creature of a personal creator whose mercies he must ask to save him from his inherent tendency to sin. Or he is the creature of chance cosmic happenings and his allegiance is only to the principle of self-preservation and self-aggrandizement.

We live in an age psychologically dominated by these fundamental preconceptions, and they have their influence upon the subconscious as well as on the conscious mind. A moment of social choice may be easily decided by this form of subconscious reasoning: "If all men are by nature selfish, why should I not choose that which I want at the expense of others?" Or: "If all men are predominantly sinful, why should I not be expected to sin?" And yet the ideals of humanitarianism, cooperation and brotherhood, which we instinctively approve, counsel differently. It is this great contradiction between our basic philosophical premises and the values we should like to achieve which makes attainment of the values so difficult.

We are constantly under a psychological handicap. Neither religion nor science gives us a concept of human nature which will rationally support all the fine things we expect from it. We must, therefore, in the interests of the consistency which the human mind tends to seek, either forget our expectations as to a possible brotherhood of men and nations or find a new basic concept of man which will give these expectations reasonable foundation. The dilemma must be resolved if we are ever to become sure of anything—the way we want to live, the way we expect others to live.

If there is a more constructive philosophical view of human nature we need to find it. We know that we need a new view because we don't like what happens when people act as basically sinful or basically selfish beings. Let us, therefore, begin by forgetting the preconceived premise that men are structurally inclined either to sin or to animalistic selfishness, and proceed inductively to a fundamental revaluation of human nature as we ourselves experience it. This fundamental search should be regarded as an obligation to one's own integrity of judgment—an obligation to one's own integrity and also an obligation to others. Men need to think through basic philosophical questions for themselves, if they are to be "free men," and if they are to make any unique contribution to the world in which they live. All social problems, all world problems, are intrinsically philosophical, and any possible social evolution can come only as a reflection of growth in the basic perspectives of men. Social evolution is dependent upon the evolution of individuals, and, more particularly, upon the mental and moral evolution of each individual.

Human evolution may be accelerated as individuals constantly attempt to widen perspectives sufficiently to reconcile commonly contradictory elements—such as belief in the sinful or selfish man on the one hand, and belief in the possible brotherhood of men on the other. We need to know what man is because we need to know what to expect from ourselves and what to expect from others.

This process of conscious growth in basic learning proceeds as men manifest a desire to free themselves from the preconceptions of their age. Nothing else prevents it from happening. It is apparently natural for man, as a self-conscious being, to respond to his active relationship with life by a widening of perception which qualifies, enlarges or changes basic philosophical conclusions previously held. His idea of himself, his concept of justice, his view of evolution, all undergo periodical revision. This can be deliberately encouraged by mature philosophical reflection. Man, whether willingly or unwillingly, is always something of a philosopher. He wants to know upon what altar he should worship. He has only to seek more consciously his rightful place in the scheme of the universe. He has the innate ability for this quest. In fact, he emerges at birth a philosopher and metaphysician. He may not like this vocation, may, in fact, refuse to admit his part in it, yet remains a philosopher nonetheless. Awareness of this inescapable truth caused F. H. Bradley, a great British Idealist of this century, to write:

> The man who is ready to prove that metaphysical knowledge is wholly impossible is a brother metaphysician with a rival theory of first principles. To say that reality is such that our knowledge cannot reach it, is a claim to know reality; to urge that our knowledge is of a kind which must fail to transcend appearance, itself implies that transcendence.
>
> By various causes, even the average man is compelled to wonder and to reflect. To him the world, and his share in it, is a natural object of thought, and seems likely to remain one. And so, when poetry, art, and religion have ceased wholly to interest, or when they show no longer any tendency to struggle with ultimate problems and to come to an understanding with them; when the sense of mystery and enchantment no longer draws the mind; when, in short, twilight has no charm—then metaphysics will be worthless. For the question (as things are now) is not whether we are to reflect and ponder on ultimate truth—for perhaps most of us do that, and are not likely to cease. The question is merely as to the way in which this should be done. And the claim of metaphysics is surely not unreasonable. Metaphysics takes its stand on this side of human nature, this desire to think about and comprehend reality. (*Appearance and Reality*, 1925.)

SCIENCE AND THE SECRET DOCTRINE

IN the late '20's scientific periodicals were full of excited discussions of new atomic theories. The period marked a peak in the "golden age" of discovery in modern Physics—a period inaugurated in the closing years of the nineteenth century by the development of radioactivity and related findings, carried on to great heights of achievement by the Einstein Theory, and continued with numerous other discoveries by a small group of brilliant laboratory scientists and theorists in mathematics. Not the least of these pioneers is Erwin Schrödinger, who about 1925 provided a theory of the atom which eliminated major difficulties in the previous theory, established by Niels Bohr. Schrödinger and Louis de Broglie developed Planck's Quantum Theory to further applications, creating a concept of matter (and light) which could be expressed only in mathematical terms, and which was amplified and strengthened by the work of Heisenberg, Dirac, Pauli, Heitler and London, and others. The Schrödinger atom is a sphere of vibrating electric density. The significance of this contribution is discussed at some length in earlier articles (see THEOSOPHY XIX, 321, 370, 454).

It is of special interest that Dr. Schrödinger's latest book, *What Is Life?* (Cambridge University Press, 1945), unfolds a profound philosophical orientation toward the questions raised by scientific inquiry. In this, Schrödinger is like so many of his eminent colleagues—Sir James Jeans, whose scientific philosophizing is irrepressible; Planck, Eddington, Hermann, Weyl, and others, all of whom are really Pythagoreans in spirit—worthy successors in the philosophical tradition of Giordano Bruno. But with this book, it is no exaggeration to say that Schrödinger attains a new plateau of intuitive synthesis, linking the ancient conception of *Brahman,* the One Self, with the perceiving spirit in every man. Schrödinger embraces wholeheartedly the transcendental psychology of the *Upanishads,* relating its teachings most suggestively with the concepts of advanced scientific thought.

His new book will be of the utmost interest to all who are looking for points of contact between science and those ancient and recurring doctrines we term pantheistic or theosophic; to all, in short, who are trying to find some logic or order in the universe open to our observations. This "trying to find order in the universe" is the most natural endeavor conceivable, since it is closely akin to Life itself, as will presently appear.

The second law of thermodynamics states that any physical system, such as the universe, tends toward a minimum of available

energy; which means that every process tends to occur in such a way as to degrade the energy involved, that is, convert it into a form in which it is no longer available for useful work. The energy-content of a falling stone, for instance, may be dissipated as heat into a large reservoir of heat when it strikes the earth. The energy of the stone is not lost, for it strikes the earth and heats up its surroundings at the moment of impact, but the useful kinetic energy (which could be employed for, say, driving some engine) is converted into heat which has become unavailable, being lost in the vast heat-sink represented by the earth.

Living organisms have appeared to be exempt from this law, since their energy-content remains essentially constant during their adult life; likewise the availability of this energy for metabolic processes. This suggested the idea, commonly accepted, that the laws of physics as established up-to-date do not generally apply to "living" matter. The thought that this entire category of manifested existence seemed to elude the analysis of science undoubtedly stimulated Schrödinger and inspired the brilliant observation that certain aspects of Life are akin to that other part of the world which had been found incompatible with classical science, namely, that of the building stones of matter, atoms and other elementary particles. The particular observation was that mutations in hereditary characteristics occurred discontinuously, like electronic transitions, not continuously like macroscopic phenomena governed by statistical laws. These jump-like changes which sometimes occur naturally, but can be induced by X-rays (in discussing this Schrödinger incidentally points to the potential danger connected with the indiscriminate use of X-rays in medicine and physics on the human body), suggested that they are governed by events, and therefore by laws, of atomic (non-statistical) dimensions.

Mutations, however, are only one of the series of phenomena which characterize and make manifest the action and properties of the material carriers of heredity, those rather mysterious genes. The quantum behavior expressed in mutations thus is plausible, if these genes can be considered of molecular dimensions, or actual individual molecules. Thus, apparently, as Schrödinger puts it—

> a small but highly organized group of atoms . . . , existing only in one copy per cell produces orderly events, marvellously tuned in with each other and with the environment according to most subtle laws. . . . Since we know the power this tiny central office has in the isolated cell (that of determining the whole character of the organism), do they not resemble stations of local government dispersed through the body, communicating with each other with great ease,

> thanks to the code (the particular configuration of atoms in the gene determining the character of the organism) that is common to all of them?

Allied with this startling conclusion is another, perhaps even more important, consideration. What distinguishes the living organism from inert matter? Schrödinger briefly and convincingly disposes of the conventional answers:

(1) By metabolism, *i. e.*, by exchange of material? But this, he says, is " . . . absurd. Any atom of nitrogen, oxygen, sulphur, etc., is as good as any other of its kind; what could be gained by exchanging them?"

(2) Energy intake? This is "just as absurd. For an adult organism the energy content is as stationary as the material content. Since, surely, any calorie is worth as much as any other calorie, one cannot see how a mere exchange could help."

Schrödinger then offers an answer in the following observations:

> What then is that precious something contained in our food which keeps us from death? That is easily answered. Every process, event, happening—call it what you will; in a word, everything that is going on in Nature means an increase of the entropy of the part of the world where it is going on. Thus a living organism continually increases its entropy—or, as you may say, produces positive entropy—and thus tends to approach the dangerous state of maximum entropy, which is death. It can only keep aloof from it, i.e. alive, by continually drawing from its environment negative entropy—which is something very positive as we shall immediately see. What an organism feeds upon is negative entropy. Or, to put it less paradoxically, the essential thing in metabolism is that the organism succeeds in freeing itself from all the entropy it cannot help producing while alive.

He then clarifies the concept of entropy, and on the basis of this discussion is able to make the following more general statement:

> . . . entropy, taken with the negative sign, is itself a measure of order. Thus the device by which an organism maintains itself stationary at a fairly high level of orderliness (= fairly low level of entropy) really consists in continually sucking orderliness from its environment. This conclusion is less paradoxical than it appears at first sight. Rather could it be blamed for triviality. Indeed, in the case of higher animals we know the kind of orderliness they feed upon well enough, viz. the extremely well-ordered state of matter in more or less complicated organic compounds, which serve them as foodstuffs. After utilizing it they return it in a very much degraded form—not entirely degraded, however, for plants can still make use of it. (These, of course, have their most powerful supply of 'negative entropy' in the sunlight). . . . An organism [has the] astonishing gift of concen-

> trating a 'stream of order' on itself and thus escaping the decay into atomic chaos—of 'drinking orderliness' from a suitable environment. . . .

This sounds familiar enough, if we think of the akasic currents connecting us with the Real Sun, and which, according to *The Secret Doctrine,* maintain Life. However, the real content of the book, for the theosophically inclined, is in the Epilogue:

"Let us see whether we cannot draw the correct, non-contradictory conclusion from the following two premises:

"(1) My body functions as a pure mechanism according to the Laws of Nature.

"(2) Yet I know, by incontrovertible direct experience, that I am directing its motions, of which I foresee the effects, that may be fateful and all-important, in which case I feel and take full responsibility for them.

"The only possible inference from these two facts is, I think, that I—I in the widest meaning of the word, that is to say, every conscious mind that has ever said or felt 'I'—am the person, if any, who controls the 'motion of the atoms' according to the Laws of Nature. . . . In itself, the insight is not new. The earliest records to my knowledge date back some 2500 years or more. From the early great Upanishads the recognition ATHMAN=BRAHMAN (the personal self equals the omnipresent, all-comprehending eternal self) was in Indian thought considered, far from being blasphemous, to represent the quintessence of deepest insight into the happenings of the world. The striving of all the scholars of Vedanta was, after having learnt to pronounce with their lips, really to assimilate in their minds this grandest of all thoughts.

"Again, the mystics of many centuries, independently, yet in perfect harmony with each other (somewhat like the particles in an ideal gas) have described, each of them, the unique experience of his or her life in terms that can be condensed in the phrase: DEUS FACTUS SUM (I have become God). . . .

"Consciousness is never experienced in the plural, only in the singular. Even in the pathological cases of . . . double personality the two persons alternate, they are never manifest simultaneously. . . . How does the idea of plurality (so emphatically opposed by the Upanishad writers) arise at all? Consciousness finds itself intimately connected with, and dependent on, the physical state of a limited region of matter, the body. . . . Now, there is a great plurality of similar bodies. Hence the pluralization of consciousnesses or minds

seems a very suggestive hypothesis. Probably all simple ingenuous people, as well as the great majority of western philosophers, have accepted it.

"It leads almost immediately to the invention of souls, as many as there are bodies, and to the question whether they are mortal as the body is or whether they are immortal and capable of existing by themselves. The former alternative is distasteful, while the latter frankly forgets, ignores or disowns the facts upon which the plurality hypothesis rests. Much sillier questions have been asked: Do animals also have souls? It has even been questioned whether women, or only men, have souls.

"Such consequences, even if only tentative, must make us suspicious of the plurality hypothesis, which is common to all official Western creeds. Are we not inclining to much greater nonsense, if in discarding their gross superstitions we retain their naïve idea of plurality of souls, but 'remedy' it by declaring the souls to be perishable, to be annihilated with the respective bodies?

"The only possible alternative is simply to keep to the immediate experience that consciousness is a singular of which the plural is unknown; that there *is* only one thing and that, what seems to be a plurality, is merely a series of different aspects of this one thing, produced by a deception (the Indian MAJA); the same illusion is produced in a gallery of mirrors, and in the same way Gaurisankar and Mt. Everest turned out to be the same peak seen from different valleys. . . . If you analyze [this 'I'] closely you will, I think, find that it is just a little bit more than a collection of single data (experiences and memories), namely the canvas [or ground-stuff] *upon which* they are collected. . . . You may come to a distant country, lose sight of all your friends, . . . acquire new [ones]. . . . Less and less important will become the fact that, while living your new life, you still recollect the old one. . . . Yet there has been no intermediate break, no death. And even if a skilled hypnotist succeeded in blotting out entirely all your earlier reminiscences, you would not find that he had killed *you*. In no case is there a loss of personal existence to deplore.

"Nor will there ever be."

Schrödinger's epilogue is so revealing that any commentary would be redundant. It is quite surprising and particularly heartening that one of the greatest exponents of modern physical thought, usually associated with crassest skepticism and materialism, should take his stand so unequivocally on what may be called scientific principles of spiritual philosophy.

MAKING TIME

AS human beings, we are each of us enmeshed in Time. Time surrounds our lives, and the separate events of our lives. Although experienced in varying paces and rhythms, now urging us on, and again holding us back, "Time" is generally considered to be a static and definite quality, if not entity, with an existence of its own. Except in the vernacular, we do not often think of ourselves as "making" Time, and yet that is literally what the Ego does. This is a fact of primary significance, for until we become conscious of our continuous creation of Time, the meaning of philosophical attitudes in respect to human experience must in large measure escape our notice.

Curiously enough, no one is without some awareness that his idea of Time actually runs counter to his individual "contact" with it. The seeming acceleration of minutes and hours produced by joyous or satisfying activity is common knowledge; so also is the dragging influence of grief, fear, worry and pain. Subordinating these individual emotions, and their effect on Time, to conventional calculations which make every second last exactly as long as every other one, we usually pass over the meaning of this relativity. On the other hand, reflection upon our demonstrated power to establish *personal* measures of time leads to a realization that "Time is only an illusion produced by the succession of our states of consciousness as we travel through eternal duration." We see that Time is a function of psychic and mental consciousness, and not a spiritual reality.

A study of *Secret Doctrine* statements in the light of this assumption enables us to erase much of the spurious permanence we otherwise assign to the conditions of the physical world. "Matter, after all, is nothing else than the sequence of our own states of consciousness," writes H. P. Blavatsky, and looking through this definition at the substance of man's various encasements—physical, astral, psychical and mental—we are ready to perceive something of the immovable Spirit and the moving Ego. The several degrees of matter in our sevenfold constitution become the concretions of former motions of consciousness—the crystallized sequences of "past" Time.

As always happens when we reconnoiter a familiar scene with a new purpose, unusual views emerge: *skandhas,* for instance, are matter in motion, *set* in motion by the Ego, to whom they remain connected until their term, or time, is over. But matter is itself motion, in eternal flux in its atomic and electric structure, and metaphysically as the fluid medium in which all forms appear and dis-

appear, according to the activities of thought, will, feeling, memory and imagination.

There is nothing but Consciousness and its states. The Ego thinks, working for that purpose with a finely organized substance. As long as his concentration on a particular thought is absolute, his *self*-consciousness, for the time, is lost; the so-called "realities" of life, the contrasts producing what we know as conscious existence, *do not exist*. Time is not, space is not, and matter is not—except the "matter" with which he is occupied, and which appears real (hence not "matter") to him, for "the time being," as our graphic phrase expresses it. When his focus of attention changes—and with most men there is almost continuous alteration—he leaves one plane to immerse himself in another. The transition suggests the passage of Time: he "was" that, he "is" this. He enters a different envelope of substance, replaces his recent "reality" with another temporary illusion, and, engrossed in the *reflections* of consciousness, perpetuates—Karma.

That is, he continues to avoid the realization that space, time, mind and matter do not have an independent existence, that they are created, preserved, destroyed and recreated (unless surmounted) by his own Ego. The concept of "separateness" is thus the real generator of karma; the process of separating things called thoughts, feelings and actions from ourselves involves a denial of the continuity of consciousness. Karma means a return of impressions that were thought to have gone out and away. Karma is essentially the fact that no real separation is possible; that the Ego and its activity comprise an indivisible, a coherent whole. In the whole man, law is inherent, for karma is but the "working agent" of the spiritual unity, operating to impress that unity on the self-conscious Ego. Two statements from the *Secret Doctrine* may epitomize this principle:

> The real person or thing does not consist solely of what is seen at any particular moment, but is composed of the sum of all its various and changing conditions from its appearance in the material form to its disappearance from the earth.
>
> The reincarnationists and believers in Karma alone dimly perceive that the whole secret of Life is in the unbroken series of its manifestations: whether in, or apart from, the physical body.

Understanding of Karma, again, is prevented by our misinterpretations of time and matter. The aphorisms on Karma are explicit in this regard: "Karma is not subject to time"; the effect is wrapped up in the cause, and it is only in our finite conceptions that "time" intervenes between them. Our actions, thoughts and feelings all

take place within our own "system"; they never depart from us, neither in Time nor in Space. The magnetic threads linking us to our "past" karma, and leading to our "future," are simply the moral cohesion which maintains the orbits of our microcosm. The Self is the unmodified center, and man's principles the revolving "planets" —each a state of consciousness and a plane of matter. To imagine that any of the activities of consciousness "leave" that consciousness, or "return" in time, would be like supposing, in relation to the physical cosmos, that Earth-matter or Venus-matter could be detached from its proper sphere.

The statement that the perfected man has power over space, time, mind and matter, may seem to imply a sequence of powers, each a distinct achievement. But this interpretation proves only our residual confusion about these great facets of existence. The power over space, time, mind and matter is precisely the perception that they are variants of one illusion—the illusion that "we" *are* this or that state of consciousness. H.P.B. writes in the *Key to Theosophy,* "In Occultism every qualificative change in the state of our consciousness gives to man a new aspect, and if it prevails and becomes part of the living and acting Ego, it must be (and is) given a special name, to distinguish the man in that particular state from the man he is when he places himself in another state."

As long as our *mind* conceives that we "were" that, "are" this, and "will be" something else, we will not escape from Time, for without that illusion (or "concept") we could not compute nor compare our qualificative changes. Since we are convinced that we move *away* from one plane, we can speak of the "things" we did, said or thought there, as if they were cut off from us and carrying on a separate existence. Thus "matter" is what we leave behind when we change our state of consciousness, and what karma seems to reach out and bring back to us at some other "time." But, as Mr. Judge says in opening his chapter on the globes and planets of our universe —all treated in terms of *states of consciousness*—this is "in respect to man's consciousness only."

Every human being has the power to abstract himself from his web of illusion. This release is conveyed by several expressions, but our understanding must fill out the meaning of the terms employed, or they will be but vague generalizations. Mr. Judge writes at some length on the "Culture of Concentration," and we can grasp something of its pertinence to our present subject long before we actually achieve the perfection of that practice. Even momentary concentration frees us from the *sequence* of our states of consciousness, and

thus from the several illusions to which transition gives rise. "Without moving is the going on the Path"—an ancient aphorism counseling the same asseveration of the Changeless Self.

The end of the road to realization may be glimpsed through certain philosophical principles. For example: The spiritual nature of man is neither affected nor operated upon by karma, though no *spot in the manifested* universe is exempt from its sway. Karma is not subject to time, and therefore he who knows what is the ultimate division of time in this universe knows Karma. To know the ultimate divisions of time implies a knowledge of the very foundations of nature. "The knowledge that springs from this perfection of discriminative power is called 'knowledge that saves from re-birth.' It has all things and the nature of all things for its objects, and perceives all that hath been and that is, without limitations of time, place, or circumstance, as if all were in the present and the presence of the contemplator" (Patanjali's *Yoga Aphorisms,* Book III).

If the "foundations of nature" are states of consciousness, then the act of thinking through must be a preliminary to "seeing through"—Space, Time, Matter and Mind. To an intelligence not confined in *processes,* "Past, Present and Future" are clumsy words, "miserable concepts of the objective phases of the subjective whole." Matter in its seven degrees is "one single mass"; Space is not here and there, in and out, but the infinitely extended field of all phenomenal appearances; and Mind is the sovereign medium for the experience and knowledge of the Soul.

But even while we are largely involved in the fluctuating relativities of material existence, there is no more practical exercise for the man who appreciates (as who does not?) the time and effort wasted on anticipations and regrets, fear and remorse; who chafes in the chains of circumstance; who is impressed by the unreality of observable things and conditions, and is casting about for less ephemeral props against which the drama of life might be played with deeper meaning.

The simple formula, "Now is the only Time we have" may serve as a beginning. As we gradually become aware that nothing we see or sense or think about has any real existence, but only the momentary "reality" which we ourselves endow, we move *through,* instead of in, states of consciousness and planes of matter. The illusion of forms evaporates, the reality of *life* supervenes, and the force at work is freed at last from its mayavic separation from the One Life. "Man himself considered as a spiritual being" assumes his rightful function and his full responsibility in Nature.

YOUTH-COMPANIONS AT HOME

THE family had just sat down to dinner—all except Chris, who was a little late in responding to the dinner call. He and his brother had been playing tennis, and Paul had had first chance at the shower. In a moment, the comfortable silence was broken by the noise of Chris's impending arrival. It was an unusually loud clatter—a reliable though wholly unconscious signal to the family that he had something of a controversial nature to discuss.

What was on his mind was not long a matter of doubt. No sooner had he seated himself than he fixed accusing eyes on his father, demanding with considerable warmth, "How do *you* play tennis? Do you think out every move in advance, or do you just play it? I think it ought to be *played,* not *thought,*" he ended explosively, and, emphasizing his last remark with a glance at his brother, he picked up his fork and began to eat.

Father regarded him with a look of mild inquiry, as if wondering why this minor torrent had been channeled in his direction. "Have you two been discussing just how much 'brain energy' should go into a game?" he inquired, and then continued: "Well, Chris, when I'm on the court, I usually just 'play,' as you put it—though I think 'work' is a better description of it," he replied judiciously, and was about to go on when Chris interrupted:

"Just what I mean! Sports ought to be played, not thought!"

"But as I was about to say," continued Father, imperturbably, "there have been times in my quite fruitless career as an athlete when I have wondered whether a little more thinking on the court might not make my playing—ah—more effective.

"By the way," he added, with seeming irrelevance, "how did the game come out this afternoon?"

Chris's slightly reddening face indicated a "direct hit."

"I didn't win a game," he reported, and followed this with the honest admission that that probably was part of the reason why he objected to the way Paul played. This somewhat cleared the air, and he continued with less heat, but with no loss of conviction:

"There's more to it than that, though. I think games like tennis and badminton are tests of physical coordination—of fight and spirit; not of your ability to out-think and out-psychologize your opponent. Paul sounds as if games should be 'mental exercises'."

"That may be," said Father, with his usual deliberation. "But it's as dangerous to dogmatize about sports as it is about anything else—and there seems to be a bit of that in saying the other

fellow ought to play the same way we do. We're easily tempted, as you say, to rationalize our defeat into a theory against the technique that defeated us."

The discussion now safely past the reefs of personality, and launched on the open sea, Madge put in her "oar."

"I agree with Chris," she said, "that sports ought to be an exercise for the body and a *relaxation* for the mind.—Not that you don't think, and try to put the ball where the other fellow isn't, but it's your hands and eyes that do the thinking, not your mind that you use *instead* of your body."

Paul sought his "defense" in ridicule. "I've never yet seen anyone play a decent game who leaves his brains on the bench with his towel! The thing to leave behind is your competitive spirit—when you've finished the game."

Father nodded appreciatively, but said nothing. It was Chris who objected. "That's not what I meant! After all, Dad, there's a difference between thinking and—and *calculating!*"

"Somehow, I keep remembering that phrase, 'do with the body the things of the body, with the mind the things of the mind'," said Mother. "Certainly, to spend half our time thinking about a sport before and after playing it, is using important energies somewhat inconsequentially."

Father essayed a philosophical maxim: "Well, it's true that turning a Brahmin sagacity to a Kshatriya enterprise is dangerous, if you become so *involved* that you forget you're a Brahmin!"

"Seems to me," said Chris, not one to be stopped by mere Sanskrit, "that it's the professionals who make sports an all-out mental effort. They figure out in advance their opponent's weaknesses, and work up special techniques to take advantages of them, besides using all kinds of psychological tricks."

"They have to," Paul retorted, "because they're willing to put all their planning energies into winning. Sports aren't their relaxation. They earn their living by them, and their livelihood depends on their success. There's more to professional competition than simply an outlet for their 'fighting spirit'."

"That's all very well—talking about your professionals," put in Madge, with a knowing air. "But there are a lot of others—besides professionals—who are out to win. For them, sports are only another means of proving their superiority over others. They just want to 'beat the field' in everything they do, and they use any and all means at their disposal. From what I've seen, that makes for a rather unhealthy kind of 'competitive spirit'."

"Oh, Rome and Augustus, Madge," Chris burst out. (Wondrously impervious to the *cultural* advantages of his class in ancient history, Chris did, however, make some use of the study, if only to express his mounting impatience.) "When I play, I'm certainly out to win, but I don't see anything wrong about that!"

"You ought to," retorted Madge, a trifle sharply. "Oh, I'm not saying you shouldn't want to win," she added. "I'm talking about *why* you want to win and what you'll do in *order* to win."

"All right," he replied. "Where do you draw the line?"

Paul answered for his sister: "Haven't you already done that, Chris, when you talked about there being a difference between thinking and calculating? If you apply the same idea to competition, you can say there's a difference between the fighting spirit and the conquering spirit."

"Don't we have to remember the difference between winning a game and beating a *person?*" Mother asked. "If we're playing to show up our opponent—if there's any idea of *humiliating* the loser—it means that we're mixing up too many personal feelings with a game of skill. And when *we* lose, those same feelings will make us bad sports."

"And you can apply it to more than competition in sports," Madge added, "because it's an attitude that shows itself in everything. Whether you call it the conquering spirit or a superiority complex, it's all the same, and it makes me uncomfortable," she finished, in the tone of one who had "said her say."

"I know what you mean," Paul said unexpectedly. "It turns a conversation into a contest between people who are trying to show each other up, jockeying for the strongest position and using the others as strops on which to sharpen their own wit—or as props by which they sustain their own self-regard."

"And they all look as if they're trying to demonstrate their belief in the survival of the fittest. No wonder it makes you uncomfortable, Madge," Father pointed out, "because it's an animal instinct of self-preservation. It's about time we evolved a different incentive for human action than the desire to excel our fellows—if we're ever going to be able to work *together* for anything!"

"That's right," Chris agreed, and eyed his brother speculatively. "What say we try 'cooperating' on the court, eh, Paul?"

"We could *try*," drawled his brother, giving Chris an amiable clap on the shoulder as they went upstairs. "The only thing is," he added—and prepared for a rapid retreat, "—I'd probably beat you in that, too!"

"BIOGRAPHIES" OF H.P.B.

THERE is no occasion, in this Magazine, to devote space to "exposing" in detail the latest "biography" of H. P. Blavatsky. It would be a mistake to dignify such a book with exhaustive critical analysis. No one imbued with the spirit and purpose of the Theosophical Movement will waste his time on it, unless it be to point out that its author proved herself incapable of writing anything at all about the real H.P.B.

It is important, however, to understand how it is possible for such a book as *Priestess of the Occult* to be written, and to recognize the literary decadence which allows editors and reviewers to treat it seriously. The low moral floor of modern intellectuality is so thoroughly revealed by this book that it provides the basis for a brief but unarguable judgment on most of the writing which passes for "literature" today.

Any further consideration of this book should involve simply an explanation of why it is that many of the matters dealt with are referred to in *The Theosophical Movement* by only a sentence or two. The fact is that these old lies and slanders against H.P.B. need no extensive "refutation" by the methods of minute scholarship. To have attempted this—and it might easily have been done, although at the cost of many additional pages—would have been to depart from the true level of Theosophical history, which is manasic and moral, and divert the reader to a mass of irrelevant considerations having to do with only the husks of the subject. Such a "history" would serve the interests of Theosophy no more than the barren controversies on the authorship of the "Mahatma Letters," in which the test of their authenticity is made to rest upon "documentary proofs" instead of the philosophic content of these communications. Slanders against H.P.B. are quite sufficiently dealt with in principle in the pages of the *Theosophical Movement*, and specifically wherever the circumstances demand. Books like the present "biography" of H.P.B. figure in Theosophical history simply as carefully compiled encyclopedias of the trivial, the vindictive and the venomous responses of the race-mind to the moral force of the Theosophical Movement. They document Madame Blavatsky's analysis of modern social institutions in her Preface to the first volume of *Isis Unveiled*. It is in this light, and for the foregoing reasons, that *Priestess of the Occult* is noticed at all in these pages.

H. P. Blavatsky is not the first to suffer from the literary decay of the twentieth century, nor will she be the last, although she may be the greatest of its victims. With the development of the clinical

side of modern psychology, the conceits which had previously been limited to the supposed "new knowledge" of the physical sciences spread to the domain of biography and history. Armed with the "insight" of psychoanalysis, half-educated scribblers began to attack the reputation of every great figure of the past. From Jesus to Abraham Lincoln, the heroes of history were made to topple into neatly classified groups with labels drawn from the jargon of abnormal psychology. Moral consecration became wish-fulfillment fantasy, the outlet for "repression." Human nature was simply a collection of instincts, drives, complexes, substitutions and projections which the new oracles of psychoanalysis could catalog and describe. The more superficial the writer, the more easily he explained away every vestige of human greatness, until nothing was left to impress the reader except this evidence of the colossal egotism of the "biographer."

Unfortunately, criticism as well as biography participates in the psychological delusions of grandeur which make possible the serious production, and publication, of such books as "literature." Writers who employ these spurious techniques are so numerous that they have infected the whole field of literature with their superficiality, causing even honest and more or less responsible authors to adopt them. Even Van Wyck Brooks, certainly a writer of integrity, far overstepped the bounds of legitimate biography in reporting as facts what he imagined to be the inward musings of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The members of this mind-reading school of literature are able, if clever, to relate sprightly tales which the uncritical reader may enjoy, supposing that he has gained a secret intimacy with the great and the famous, when the fact is that he has been made familiar with only the impertinent fancies of cheap journalism masquerading as biography.

This general debasement of literary standards has made good criticism extremely rare; and on those few occasions when it occurs the result is usually sweeping iconoclasm of the sort found in Tolstoy, or in H.P.B.'s article, "Civilization, the Death of Art and Beauty." The truth is that taste and discrimination in literature can today be maintained only through strenuous and incessant demands for moral standards and qualities of refinement now all but forgotten by contemporary writers. When to this down-hill course of literature itself are added the mercenary motives of the "book business," it is easy to explain the low quality of the popular modern book—conceived in ignorance, born to be sold, and read for sensation—little of *truth* in it at all.

Priestess of the Occult is a work of this sort. The author confines her attention to what she imagines was H.P.B.'s personal career, speaking of the friends and acquaintances of the early years as though one could easily learn the character of these relationships simply by inspecting ancient "memoirs" and libelous attacks on the character of her subject. She writes freely of "Metrovich," "Baron Meyendorf," and "Wittgenstein," and draws with rare relish on the calumnies circulated by D. D. Home. She endeavors to type Madame Blavatsky as an adventuress who lied, cajoled and blustered her way through life, hiding a scandalous past, alternately exhibiting glamorous fascination and "pathological rages," and leaving behind her a "body of legends" to comfort the "lonely and infirm" who became her followers and who exist in many thousands to this day. The overwhelming evidence of H.P.B.'s self-sacrificial motives is casually disposed of as neurotic pretense. When H.P.B. acts in a manner completely contrary to the fictitious image of this book, in an incident which it is inconvenient to ignore, this behavior is labelled a "curious *non sequitur*"! In short, *Priestess of the Occult* is an amazing accumulation of the weaknesses, injustices and literary crimes of the debunking, "psychological" biography, in which the writer pretends to reveal the innermost thoughts of her subject, never hesitating to assign motives and "explain" conduct in areas that a responsible author would treat with the utmost caution, if he presumed to discuss them at all.

One familiar with the literature of the Theosophical Movement soon realizes that the chief sources relied upon by this writer are, in the order of their importance: the New York *Sun's* interview of 1890 with Elliot Coues; the Hodgson Report to the London Society for Psychical Research, and V. S. Solovyoff's *Modern Priestess of Isis*. She uses these materials, rich in slander, much as an artist might daub a canvas with paints of various colors, to produce the desired effect. But in this case the "artist" lays false claim to biographical accuracy, while her "paints" are a wide variety of old and unproved or disproved attacks, either the inventions of H.P.B.'s enemies, or distorted versions of facts seized upon only for the purpose of warping their meaning. The book gains in misleading effect from the fact that its author has concealed or "moderated" the animus which originally inspired these calumnies, thus giving her quotations a spurious flavor of impartiality. Mrs. Williams writes in studied neglect of the statements of friends, admirers, and even impartial critics of H.P.B. For her, all defenses of Madame Blavatsky are either stupid, in-

adequate, or merely "clever," "well-written," or "adroit"—none of them worth quoting to the extent that their merits might be judged by the reader for himself. Scholarly vindications exonerating H.P.B. from Hodgson's attacks, though long in print, are not even mentioned by this writer. The *Theosophical Movement,* while listed in the bibliography of *Priestess of the Occult,* is not cited at all in the body of the book!

Theosophy is misrepresented as a garbled hodge-podge of spiritualistic rationalizations, a distortion necessary to fit the corresponding caricature of Madame Blavatsky. For if the actual content—the metaphysical scope, the ethical inspiration—of the Theosophical teachings were even hinted at in such a volume, all other statements in it would be rendered insipid, ignorant, or false, by contrast.

The obvious and immediate answer to all such attacks on H. P. Blavatsky is to point out that the legal experts of the New York *Sun* spent two years trying to prove the claims on which they are based, and ended by admitting that the *Sun* had been "misled" into publishing statements "without solid foundation," which "should not have been printed." A questioning of H. P. B.'s motives is beneath contempt; her books and her life-long devotion to the unpopular cause of truth are the all-sufficient answer.

As to the "scandals," it happens that the charges renewed by this book have all been exposed as without proof or entirely false. More pertinent, however, is the fact that those who demand such "explanation" are always persons who delight in scandal for its own sake. To question H.P.B.'s life before attempting to understand her work disqualifies the inquirer as merely frivolous, and more, for a kind of dishonor attaches to feeling the need for an explanation of the private life of a genuine *teacher.* Willing enough to speak of all her activities in connection with the Theosophical Movement—for in this she had a public mission—H.P.B. refused to make the world her confidant in matters which did not, could not, concern anyone but herself. To reply to such prying questions would admit the right of anyone to ask the details of her private life; *no one has such a right;* nor is any modern writer, friend or foe, privileged to discuss the subject. The insistently or "innocently" curious may be invited to consider the applicability to themselves of one of H.P.B.'s profoundly "occult" remarks: "A calumnious lie is the only master-key that will open any and every brain."

EVERYDAY QUESTIONS

On Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms

IT is said (Preface, xiii) that "Knowledge exists as an abstraction." This is not clear. It seems that there could be no knowledge without the knowers of it. On the other hand, if knowledge exists without knowers, where *does it exist? It is said that in the Astral Light are "all human actions and things, thoughts and circumstances fixed," but how could they be regarded as an "abstraction"?*

The "astral light" does *not* contain *knowledge.* Knowledge is a manasically-perceived relationship between the Buddhic element of the individual and "human actions and circumstances." Such relationships always pertain to the "moral" aspects of human evolution which are simply the specifics of interdependence. But moral knowledge is never the exclusive possession of any individual, for moral knowledge resides in a grasp of *principles* that underlie all relationships. Principles are "abstract" because they may be and are applied in all directions—not just in certain specified instances—by the beings who seek to embody them.

A principle is not possessed by an individual—he *uses* the principle, and what he "possesses" is simply the sum total of results caused by his application of the principle. Therefore, unless it is perceived that knowledge resides in the world of principles rather than in the realm of specific actions, the only solution to the human moral problem would be an enforced conformity to categorically "good" actions. This latter tendency, the "materialization" of the moral equation, characterizes all revealed or authoritarian religions—and moves towards the stultification of individual growth in the attainment of knowledge. Knowledge, when attained, is in a definitive sense "abstract," because it resides in a grasp of principles rather than in a memorization of events. *There is no knowledge without the grasp of a principle,* and *a principle is abstract,* for the simple reason that if it *is* a principle it cannot be limited by any single embodiment.

All real scientific knowledge is "abstract" in origin, for it depends upon the establishment of *laws.* To formulate a law means to discover a *principle* of relationship between apparently unrelated objects and motions. The knowledge of the scientist, measurable only by his discovery of abstract principle (since these principles never reside in objects or motions themselves), comes to

him *as he grasps the principle,* not while he is engaged in sorting his "facts."

The word "abstract" should also be related to the word "metaphysical." Metaphysical realities, not physical realities, are primary. It is only by learning to think in terms of a metaphysical world of reality that man learns to raise himself above the instinctual level of animal behavior. Looking from below upward, all realities are very much "abstract," but that fact makes their attainment more, rather than less, necessary.

In Aphorisms 2 to 13 (Book I), "Mind" is represented as an internal tactile organ which conveys the properties of an object to the Perceiver by forming itself in the image of the object. But this does not seem to be a "thinking" process, the latter being the action of logically relating the properties of an object to those of other objects or to successive states of the object itself. Thus the mind does not here appear as a "thinker," but only as a perceptive organ. But again we are informed that the "soul" is in the same modification as the mind when objects are being perceived. Thus the "soul" does not seem to be the "thinker" either. The ultimate "Perceiver" we recognize as Atma; but, between the perceiving organ and the "Perceiver" there seems to be a missing link of thought. Are we to find it in a parallel definition of the "principles"?

The word "mind," as used by Patanjali, has two meanings. The "tactile organ" is composed of a highly refined, tenuous substance —referred to in *The Secret Doctrine* as "fifth-state matter." But the man, the individual, is not a state of matter, nor a combination of states of matter. Man, as the center of self-consciousness, is the causative and governing balance *between* various states of matter. An illustration may be offered: A lever is not even a *potential* mover of three-thousand-pound stones. When man (or higher intelligence) is combined with the lever, the ability to handle such weights is at least potential. The lever of itself cannot move anything, nor can the man without the lever. Thus fifth-state matter is simply the medium through which mind must function, even though it (fifth-state matter) is also a conditioned aspect of intelligence itself, having the sixth, or Buddhic state of matter, for its substratum. *Individualized* mind is Buddhi aware of the potentialities of fifth-state matter, and, through that mirror, of the other states of matter represented by the psychical and physical principles. Such "joining" or incarnation, however, "produces"

a new principle, a new form of being which may be called the self-conscious soul—although the being is not new, but only the *form* of being.

Patanjali asserts a philosophy of "dualism." Together with Krishna, as the latter sage speaks through the *Bhagavad Gita,* he teaches that all human beings have both a higher nature—which is the same in all, and a lower nature composed of elements which are the same in all. Man is the *balance struck* between the elements of the higher and lower natures, and therein resides the individuality. The man-entity is the center of being, capable of consciously establishing new relationships between the higher and lower elements of the states of matter which surround him. The mind, then, is both a "tactile organ" or substance, and *directive mind* or soul—the latter being more truly metaphysical. The term Buddhi-Manas, as differentiated from Kama-Manas, is used to make this distinction clear.

In Aphorisms 2 and 6, it is said (a) *that one of the five modifications of the mind is Correct Cognition, and* (b) *that the modifications of the mind must be hindered if concentration is to be achieved. Thus it would seem that in order to be perfected in concentration, one must "hinder" Correct Cognition. Is, then, Correct Cognition undesirable?*

"Correct cognition" employs the analyzing, weighing, measuring aspect of the mind. Intellect is *in*direct perception through cognition. Intuition is *direct* perception. The scientist, and also every man, can only use "correct cognition" as a means of opening up a passageway for intuition.

The ability to synthesize, wherein intuition is employed, is never a matter of establishing certain definitive, descriptive relationships between objects, events and beings. It is the manifestation of the power to combine essences of relationships in a single vision of meaning. If "concentration" is only upon the mechanical potentialities of the mind-organ, the tendency to see only one relationship at a time between objects will hinder the synthesis of intuition. The mind, therefore, must be turned by philosophy to a consideration of *purpose*—the *why* of objective movements, in order to leave full opportunity for direct or synthesizing perception. This was the story, self-told, of Copernicus' discovery that the earth revolved around the sun.

HIDDEN HINTS IN THE SECRET DOCTRINE

(From p. 128 to p. 160, Vol. I.)

NIRMANAKAYAS. First reference to these on *p. 132, note,* where they are called "the surviving spiritual principles of men," and in the text they are those who *reincarnate for the good of the world* if they choose.

ELECTRICITY AGAIN is mentioned as *Life, p. 137, 4th line; also p. 139, line 17;* also a form of "Fohat"; *also p. 145 (b).*

ETHER only partially manifested, and not to be fully so until the 5th round, *p. 140.*

THAT ENTITIES ARE CONSTITUTED of many units, each an entity. Thus that "Fohat," elsewhere called "an Entity," is not one undivided entity, but is made up of others; and that there are as many Fohats as there are worlds. *Note 2, p. 143, and p. 145 (b).*

ELIXIR OF LIFE. A hint thereupon. *Note 2, p. 144.*

ELEMENTALS CONCERNED in all forces, *e. g.,* that electricity, magnetism, cohesion, and the like, are made up of elementals. These, of course, are not all of one class, but of several, *p. 146.* Near the end of this page it is inferentially stated that elementals are generated in millions by other beings. This must be, in fact, a transforming process in the atoms. By referring to *p. 143* a broad hint will be found as to this in the remarks upon the "fate of an atom" once caught into any world sphere, and the means of getting out through "a current of efflux." Is this *efflux* through the transforming being?

THE MOON. In what sense dead? Only as to her inner principles. Her physical principles are not dead, but have a certain activity, *p. 149, note I.* And her spiritual principles have been transferred to this earth, *p. 155, note,* and *p. 156, line 6.*

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE MOON will have occurred before this earth has passed through her 7th human round, *p. 155, note.*

ARCHETYPAL MAN ON GLOBE A. *p. 159, last par.* Here is a most interesting hint not often referred to and opening up a vista of thought. In the 1st round of the monads in this chain of planets, the monads from the preceding chain of worlds—say the moon's chain—*become human beings* on Globe A. But in the 2nd round the process alters, and it is in the 4th round that man appears

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NOTE.—This article by Mr. Judge was first published in *The Path,* March, 1891.—Eds. THEOSOPHY.

on this earth, the 4th Globe. To quote: "on globe A [man re-becomes] a mineral, a plant, an animal, on globe B, C, etc. The process changes entirely from the 2nd round, but—" This abruptness is to give the hint to intuitional investigators, and opens up as great a problem as the 8th sphere seemed once to be and still perhaps is. But we may ask if on Globe A—unseen by us—the archetypal process does not obtain?

Modern Proverbs

There must be in those to whom burdens come an unused strength that needs exercise.

No one who sees his mistakes can be a hopeless case.

When people place their attention in the direction of food, form, or ceremonies, they are almost certain to end in ritualism and the loss of the real issue.

That we all have defects is quite certain, and a defect of one kind is no better than a defect of another kind.

We should do things because they are *the right things* to do, and not because they will be of benefit to us.

Our "best" may not be great, but if the motive is there, even to hold our ground is victory.

The main point is, not to *work for* an opportunity, but to *take it* when it comes.

A thing done, is done; no amount of irritation can change it. What is needed is a consideration of what led up to the doing.

One finds spiritual knowledge springing up spontaneously within him, not because of his mental exertions, but because of his "attitude of mind."

While we work, we grow; we grow most when our thought is so occupied with the work that we have no thought for ourselves.

All progress is made by a recognition of disabilities at first, after which follow steps for their removal.

If one cannot do what he would like to do, he can always do what he can. No one can do more than this. And doing this, he does *all*.

—The Friendly Philosopher

ON THE LOOKOUT

What Have We Done?

The year 1946 saw growing apprehensions on the part of the American people concerning the aftermath of the war. Climax to a swelling chorus of criticism of the Potsdam Declaration came in November in the form of a blunt report by the economics division of the American Military Government in Germany. Looking to the future, the report stated that "physical deterioration from slow starvation has begun and a second Winter with little heat lies ahead." The report reminds the Foreign Ministers of the United Nations of their responsibility for preventing the mass suffering and chaos of an economically divided Germany from engulfing the rest of Europe. "The fear in Germany today," it says, "goes much deeper than hunger and cold. It is the fear of economic paralysis—the fear of the continued separation of Germany into four parts." Foreign correspondent Frederick Kuh has reported that Germany starves while officials of the Allied Control Authority are "wallowing in unbelievable extravagance," living in Berlin, he says, "as Borgia lived in ancient Rome." (*Progressive,* Dec. 2, 1946.)

"Politics" of Terror

Sole encouragement in the international situation is the vigor with which thoughtful men oppose the reign of apathy and irresponsibility toward human suffering and other consequences of the war spirit. A random selection of press clippings and magazine articles shows that troubled expressions of bad conscience, indignation and anxiety are everywhere being voiced. There is, for example, an article entitled, "Return of the Terrorist," which reveals the prevalence of terrorism in some 20 countries, employed, as a rule, as a form of "political" pressure. Terror is a weapon of the anti-maquis in Spain, anti-Communist maquis on the frontier of Slovakia and Poland, and by the Jewish Haganah in Palestine. The author of this article, who signs himself "Liberator," studies this appalling political phenomenon of the post-war world:

> For the first time in its history, this type of terrorism is operating on clearly thought-out military principles, and seeks only limited objectives; it is, in fact, a form of pressure on the Government called in because of the absence, as the terrorist claims, of any other form of political instrument serving the same purpose. Jews and Indonesians both seek to demonstrate their strength and potential nuisance value; both use argument as well as arms. The Jewish Resistance, for example, argues that the country is ruled by British officials appointed

by the Colonial Office and not answerable publicly to anyone. There is no legislative or other assembly; the strongest censorship is imposed on the Press; and the law courts are guided by a series of emergency laws that make the wartime 18b powers look pathetically mild. The war gave the terrorist examples; here also was the political occasion to support his opinion that history moves too slowly; it needs a kick.

Wartime Precedent

This writer traces the modern origins of terrorism to the two world wars of this century. It emerged, he says, "from those practices natural to total war which justified the means by the end."

> Area and atom bombing, commando raiding, the forcible transfer of populations, all elevated the righteousness of the end and established the consequent justice of the means. The terrorist took the hint. . . .
>
> This new terrorism has become the measure of democracy's difficulties and failures. It developed most rapidly in those countries where there was least chance of political expression and legitimate pressure. It was no longer conducted by small minorities, isolated in a sea of hostility. It became highly organized, disciplined and based generally on the bulk of the population in the areas where it operated.

The cradle of this method of "pressure" is described as the Middle East, where T. E. Lawrence developed efficient methods of blowing up bridges and causing other dislocations. The Palestine Arabs improved Lawrence's techniques, and according to the official British history of *Combined Operations,* military experts evolved from their example the combat companies that were the first commando troops. The French Maquis were patterned on the same model.

To the End of History?

From experience in commando operations, Jews, Poles, Javanese, Burmese and many others learned the techniques of terrorism, and having seen its efficacy in war, "they touched up the new method to suit local requirements in so-called peace." "Liberator" concludes:

> Terrorism is not easily terrified. It gets worse as reprisals occur. Morcover, it feeds on its own successes. Terrorist movements rarely call a halt after achieving their first objectives; they drive on to total victory and moral ruin. Nor is it easy to keep reprisals in hand. . . .
>
> The new terrorism will not be eradicated by force. There must be removal of its deeper causes. But, meanwhile, it probably remains as true as when Shaw first put the words into the mouth of Caesar: "Can Rome do less than slay the slayers. . . ? and so, on to the end of history, murder shall breed murder, always in the name of right and

honor and peace, until the gods are tired of blood and create a race that can understand." Must we wait for the gods to grow aweary of the crimes and follies of mankind?

LESSON OF NUERNBERG

The execution of the Nazi leaders brought varied comment from the press. Perhaps the most remarkable observation—remarkable both for its content and the papers in which it appeared—was that of the foreign correspondent, Karl von Wiegand, who seems to avail himself of every opportunity to introduce the ideas of Karma and Reincarnation in his dispatches to the Hearst chain of newspapers. He wrote from Madrid on Oct. 19:

> "Defeat" in war was hanged on the gallows in the war battered medieval city of Nuernberg, renowned in the middle ages for its art and handicraft. . . . For the first time in nearly 2,000 years, since the triumphal celebrations of the Roman Caesars at the end of wars, defeated enemy leaders were officially executed by the victors. The gallows in the gymnasium of the Nuernberg prison has a sinister **double warning.**
>
> To those who would start war—NOT TO LOSE IT.
>
> Those gallows warn government heads of all nations, political and military leaders—NOT TO SURRENDER.
>
> That means war of extermination in the future.

EXPIATION NECESSARY

After reviewing the sentences of the condemned men, he said that some of the Nazi leaders accepted the last sacrament of the Church, adding that according to "the Christian religion they can be forgiven all their crimes and sins at the last moment." But—

> Under the doctrine of Buddhism they must expiate their wrongdoings and wrong living on this planet with much suffering in many new reincarnations on this earth, or in other spheres of the vast universe of one billion times one billion suns, moons, stars, planets and worlds, until good has taken the place of evil in them and love replaced hate.

While the Nazi leaders are dead, von Wiegand points out that the gallows in Nuernberg will not end the controversy over the legality of the Allied tribunal nor silence the objection that there was no law in existence defining as crime some of the charges against the Nazi war leaders. He notes in particular the presence of representatives of Soviet Russia on the bench and in the prosecution, despite the fact that this nation was a "fellow conspirator with Germany in the invasion of Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia and guilty of an unprovoked attack on Finland."

"A Guilty Court"

Numerous other contradictions of justice could, of course, be pointed out, involving most if not all of the United Nations in similar charges; but von Wiegand finds it expedient to single out the Russians. The *Christian Century,* however, after approving the Nuernberg verdict as "Majestic Justice," indicts all the judges and prosecutors as also "guilty." This difficult "Christian" judgment is rendered in an editorial in the issue of Oct. 16, 1946:

> To grasp the significance of this trial, it is not required to blind oneself to certain facts and considerations which derogate from its absolute legal or moral perfection. The Nuremberg trial was anything but 100 per cent pure. It was an attempt to rescue the majesty of law and justice in a situation shot through with injustice, cynicism and hypocrisy. The hands of the rescuers themselves were bloody. The court represented nations against any one of whom a plausible case under one or another of the counts brought against nazi Germany could be made to apply. . . . The court was itself a guilty court and the prosecution was a guilty prosecution. This terrible fact has to be admitted. The trial at Nuremberg was like an angel born in a brothel. But if the more guilty revelers were willing to help the less guilty rescue the angel of law and justice, who will deny them?
>
> The plain truth is that if justice of any kind is to be done anywhere in the world of today it will have to be done by the guilty. There is no one else to do it!

"No *one,*" certainly, but there is nevertheless a "Divinity which shapes our ends," however much the *Christian Century* may forget it—a divinity called *Nemesis* by the ancient Greeks, and Karma by Buddhists and theosophists. Forgetfulness of the *natural law* of justice obliges the editors of the *Century* to give this curiously contradictory approval of trial of guilty by guilty, lest justice remain undone!

The Mote and the Beam

An article by Dorothy Thompson (Los Angeles *Daily News,* Aug. 29) will serve to illustrate the *Christian Century's* charge of "guilt" to the victor nations. "Error," Miss Thompson declared, "can be forgiven, but to pretend that while committing the errors we were defending the right is to compound felony." This is her accusation:

> The United States has betrayed all the weak, endangered leaders, peoples and parties who put their trust in us.
>
> The United States has collaborated with the U.S.S.R. for the destruction of Europe and western civilization.

> At Potsdam the United States supported, and its President publicly justified while grinning for photographers, "principles" and procedures which uprooted millions, intensifying and accelerating mass migrations unparalleled in human history; that created mass hunger which they now ask the American people to sacrifice to assuage; that condemned millions, indiscriminately, the guilty, the innocent, the children, and the unborn, to misery, death, idleness, despair in a world on which it is better not to open one's eyes in birth. . . .
>
> When the Casablanca conference announced unconditional surrender, this column inquired exactly who and what was asked unconditionally to surrender. Only the Germans? Or were we not, also, surrendering our war aims and preparing to "redouble our zeal as we lost sight of our goal?"
>
> We cry after peace and we do not find it because there has been neither fidelity, honor, justice, intelligence, nor even a primitive instinct for survival demonstrated by our international conduct. We cannot even properly see the motes in the eyes of others because of the beams in our own.

RE-EDUCATION ABROAD

The mismanagement of the American zone of occupied Germany has been the subject of endless commentary. William Henry Chamberlain, seasoned foreign correspondent, described the conduct of American administrators under the title, "We Play Master Race," in the *Progressive* for Oct. 7, 1946. "It is amazing," he writes, "how many jimcrow regulations, applicable to all Germans, regardless of their political past, have been put into effect under the occupation." The Nazis made marriage between Germans and Jews illegal; today, "a ban on marriage between Americans and Germans is rigidly enforced by the occupation authorities." He discusses the Four Freedoms:

> Take freedom of speech, for instance. Germans in the American zone have been receiving some applications of this principle which would make John Milton, John Stuart Mill, and other old-fashioned exponents of this principle turn uneasily in their graves. It began when Elmer Davis pontifically announced that "Germany is a sick man. It can have only what the doctor orders." It never seemed to occur to Mr. Davis that this is exactly the principle on which Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Tito, and every other dictator justifies his robot thought control methods.

Mr. Chamberlain tells how a German newspaper which dared to describe the stream of refugees pouring into Germany from Sudenland—people who had been robbed, tortured and outraged

—was immediately reduced in size by the American military authorities and threatened with suppression if another such story appeared. The article had been mild and factual—had stressed the point that Hitler's career of conquest was the cause of the sufferings of the Sudeten Germans!

"Disheartening Evidence"

The failure of the occupation is now reflected in popular literature. The New York *Times Book Review* for Sept. 29 notes the appearance of *The Liberators,* a novel about the American occupation of Germany, in which the spokesman of the author is asked, "You don't think much of Army men, do you?"—and replies:

> Not as men. I respect them when they're fighting wars but—well, when a man's an expert at using arbitrary authority, military discipline, brute force and all the rest of it, he loses track of other values, the ones that give meaning to peaceful living and democracy and civilization. I think it takes a pretty rare kind of temperament to be a professional warrior and command other men, but still respect their rights as free citizens.

"The Liberators," says the *Times* reviewer, is a semi-ironic designation for "an Army that has freed Germany from the Nazis only in the physical sense of the word"; a book providing a bill of particulars on this part of our European experience, "illuminated with some disheartening evidence."

Wartime Promises

Advocating prayers "for forgiveness for lies told and believed," the *Christian Century* sums up in a confessional mood the record of international deception:

> During the war, contempt for moral principles on the part of the leadership of the British and American democracies caused them to conceal the differences between the Russian and democratic systems. The "unconditional surrender" formula was a device by which men who had abandoned their moral heritage could proceed without regard to any principles whatever. They therefore lied to their own countrymen, to their friends in the occupied countries and to the people in the lands with which we were at war. They falsely promised our foes food and aid to reconstruct their societies on a democratic pattern if they would surrender. Over and over the pledges of the Atlantic Charter were cynically repeated. Teheran and Yalta were followed by promises which the leaders had no intention of keeping, as evidenced by their failure to stockpile supplies by which their promises could be redeemed. As late as January 18, 1945, Mr. Churchill de-

cleared: "The President of the United States and I in your name [the name of the British and American peoples] have repeatedly declared that the enforcement of unconditional surrender upon the enemy in no way relieves the victorious powers of their obligations to humanity, or of their duties as civilized and Christian nations." The whole world now knows how lightly those "obligations to humanity," those "duties as civilized and Christian nations," sit on our shoulders.

"We Do Not Know How to Stop It"

At Potsdam years of dissimulation and double-dealing came into the open in a program of planned starvation and extermination. Once again vengeance wrote a formula of postwar relationships. This time the result made Versailles by comparison a charter of brotherly love. Industries needed for recovery were ruthlessly and systematically blown up or dismantled, starvation became general in the rubble of shattered cities, millions of exiles from the east were herded in on people who were shelterless and hungry. Today, a year and a half after the collapse of German resistance, the process of annihilation continues because we do not know how to stop it.

The rising threat of Soviet expansion is causing us to attempt at last to raise in western Europe a buffer to Russian power. But that attempt is also doomed to failure, because it too is based on a subhuman and immoral philosophy. Herbert Morrison put it bluntly: "We do not love the Germans, but their coal, which they cannot mine if they are starving, is vital to the economic reconstruction of Europe." Victor Gollancz rightly declares that this is "slaver's language," and says that "this depreciation of mercy and pity, this denial of the gentleness which is the distinguishing mark of Judeo-Christian liberalism, is becoming indeed a positive mania. Consistent with this slave morality is the victors' retention of millions of prisoners of war and their employment without wages in forced labor. [Late in 1946, German prisoners in England began to be credited with wages, to be paid to them upon repatriation.—Eds.] Consistent with it also is the forced labor of American conscientious objectors, which still continues, and the compulsory dispossession of over 100,000 Japanese-Americans, who have still received no public compensation for years of incarceration which the Supreme Court declared to be illegal.

What can we do to recover before it is too late? . . .

Ineffectual Protest

The writhing conscience of "Christian" America, of liberal and democratic America, is forcing such utterances into the public prints. It is an agony which in its extreme forms will doubtless

find new depths of self-abnegation and humility, but simply because of the guilty emotionalism inspiring these expressions, they can afford no more than a superficial catharsis, a pseudo-purification that is not sustained by fundamental changes in conduct. Confession is not the same as making amends. Recitals of *mea culpa* wipe no tears from sufferers' cheeks, nor will the karmic retribution of the future take them very much into account. But these various comments from the daily and periodical press show that basic moral perspectives still exist in the West, however ineffectual in dictating the course of national policies and determining the pattern of international justice. The debauch of military victory has not blinded everyone to the perception that the real victory is still as far away as ever, and that the weapons by which it will be attained remain unpopular and neglected by the "practical" men of our age. But must we, indeed, "wait for the gods to grow aweary of the crimes and follies of mankind?"

Reincarnation in Tibet

In the English *Geographical Magazine* for October, 1946, Sir Basil Gould, for 10 years past the representative of the British Government for Tibet, describes the "discovery" of the fourteenth Dalai Lama in 1939. As one sympathetic to the Tibetans, and appreciative of the high qualities of their culture, Sir Basil seems to have been accorded special privileges by the Tibetan officials, making it possible for him to assemble a remarkably complete chronicle of this historic event, even to the extent of a photographic record of many of the happenings connected with the boy-Lama's installation in office. In this article, he gives an account of the Tibetan belief that the Dalai Lama is a perpetual reincarnation of "Chenrezi," the God of Mercy—or, as H.P.B. explains in the *Glossary,* of "Avalokiteshvara," the highest celestial Dhyan—and he details the procedures by which the new embodiment of the great Lama is recognized by his followers. It is of particular interest to read, in connection with Sir Basil's description, two articles by H.P.B., "Lamas and Druses," and "Reincarnation in Tibet," both of which deal at length with this somewhat mysterious subject.

Fourteenth Dalai Lama

The thirteenth Dalai Lama died in 1933. In the summer of 1935, this article relates, the Regent saw reflected in a holy lake certain letters which he believed to signify the rebirth of the Dalai

Lama, and saw also in the waters the scene where, presumably, the child would be found. Four years later, after much searching, this scene was recognized, and a child called Lhamo Dhondup, born near Kumbum on June 6, 1935, was hailed as the Dalai Lama. This boy, according to Sir Basil, showed immediate recognition of possessions of the former Dalai Lama, and possessed, in common with his predecessor, three of the physical marks of the incarnations of Chenrezi. "All who saw him," writes the British official, "were convinced that he was the one and only true fourteenth Dalai Lama. Those in close attendance on him noted his preference for associates of the late Dalai Lama, his special kindness to the Dalai Lama's servants, and his love of music and of animals and flowers."

"Loyalty and Love"

The audience granted the British delegation is described:

> . . . the Dalai Lama, a solemn, solid but very wide-awake boy, red-cheeked and closely shorn, wrapped warm in the maroon-red robes of a monk and in outer coverings, was seated high on a simple throne, cross-legged in the attitude of Buddha. Below and round him on the graded steps of the throne, looking like giants beside the child, were five abbots. . . . One felt that the child was surrounded by loyalty and love.

Fraternal Duties

The gifts of the British delegation had included a pedal car. As the boy left the audience chamber, secure between two abbots, he looked back at the presents. In a moment, "his next eldest brother was on the scene to find out how everything worked, and . . . was soon going around the smooth floor of the audience chamber in the pedal car"! He explained that "if he did not find out all about everything the Dalai Lama would certainly beat him"! Apparently, Tibetan ritual—that involving children, at least—is not without moments of relaxation. But Sir Basil was peculiarly impressed by the dignity of the child-lama, his self-control and unwavering attention throughout long ceremonies. He concludes his description:

> What has struck me most about the Dalai Lama both at the time of his Installation and when I again visited Lhasa four years later is the affection which he radiates and inspires. In his presence no one can fail to be happy. And everybody wants to serve him. If there is a children's party at the British Mission, his brothers and sister-in-law save up crackers and balloons and toys to take home to him. He has

a smile which is a joy. Like his predecessor, he loves animals and flowers. It has been mentioned that the list of gifts presented at the Potala included two pairs of budgerigars [a species of parakeet]. It was thought that after their long cold journey it might be well to keep them warm at the British Mission and to send them to the Dalai Lama later on. But messenger after messenger came in quick succession to demand them, so they were sent. A few days later, realizing that they might be better off in a warmer place, the Dalai Lama returned them. Not all children are so thoughtful. Not all are so greatly loving and so greatly loved.

In this article, Sir Basil, as head of the British delegation, says little of himself. But earlier in 1946 he told a reporter about his first contact with the new head of the Tibetan State:

"When I met him in 1940, the Dalai Lama—a five-year-old child—showed every sign of delight as if he were welcoming an old friend. Tibetan officials gravely assured me that there was nothing remarkable in this. After all, they said, he had met me 28 years before.

"In 1912 I met the old Dalai Lama, of whom this child is believed to be the reincarnation. Naturally, the Tibetans told me, he remembered me well."

Buddhist Civilization

The British diplomat's remarks concerning Tibet are of equal interest. While reporting shortages of tea and cloth as a result of the war, he spoke of Tibet as a wealthy country. "At least," he said, "the people have more clothes, eat more food and live in larger houses than most communities." He suggested that Tibet is one of the few stable societies in an unstable world, avoiding the complications of modern finance by importing nothing with which she can dispense. "Tibet," he added, "is an aristocratic society—real aristocracy of which many families have records dating back a thousand years. Yet the Dalai Lama can be born of the poorest family and, within the church, poor youths can rise to the highest positions." Readers will find it of value to supplement these brief remarks on Tibetan culture by reading *Peaks and Lamas* by Marco Pallis, a profoundly informing study of Buddhist civilization in central Asia.

Novelist of American Ideals

Howard Fast, young American novelist who has risen to great popularity in recent years, occasionally touches on chords which renew the echoes of truths all but forgotten in these days of hypercritical analysis in history and biography. While far from a fin-

ished writer, Mr. Fast has felt the dynamic spirit of American idealism—half visionary dreaming, half Yankee practicality—and put it down in fast-moving historical novels. His *Freedom Road* comes closer to the heart of the Negro question than many recent "scientific" studies of the problem; it gives background and vista to the contemporary study, *Black Boy,* by Richard Wright. Some of Fast's books are drenched in a "realism" that seems unnecessarily sordid—in fact, better not written at all. In this he recalls the earthy touch of Steinbeck, and one or two others, for whom "honesty," which indeed they possess, means in literature a minute attention to human degradation. Here is shown the chasm which separates the great from merely "good" writers. A Dostoevsky possesses the evocative power that conveys the meaning of human weakness, without finding it necessary to revel in its particular forms. As a consequence, Dostoevsky produces understanding and compassion in his reader, while the others, lacking his genius, more often generate only revulsion and disgust.

A Leader Who Would Not Rule

Dostoevskys are few, as are even Steinbecks. We may be grateful, therefore, for an occasional Fast, who, at the end of *The Unvanquished*—a tale of George Washington's command, from the defeat of the Continental forces in Brooklyn to the victory at Trenton—gives us this portrait of the Revolutionary General:

> . . . the man who had set out across the Delaware as a Virginia farmer, as a foxhunter, became on the other shore something else, a man of incredible stature, a human being in some ways more godly and more wonderful than any other who has walked on this earth. For he became, as with no other man in history, the father of a nation that was to be peopled by the wretched and the oppressed of every land on earth. As simple, as burnished as this sounds, it is no use to plead otherwise; the stamp of George Washington is indelibly and forever set upon America—and for the good. All the debunking in the world cannot change the facts of his wonderful simplicity, his complete unselfishness, his humble respect for those who had asked him to leave his home and fight a revolution. Given power, he spurned it, thereby giving to America for all time the ideal of leaders who serve a people but do not rule them. And whether this ideal is forgotten at times or not, it is there, stamped in the soul of a nation.